

New York, June 8, 1872

My Dear Garrison,

³⁴ Mrs. Johnson was still
breathing when I left the house,
this morning, just before 10. Her
pulse was very feeble and flutter-
ing, and the lamp of life seemed
just ready to go out. She is much
weaker than she was yesterday,
and it would not surprise me
if she should go before I can
return to her bedside.

I have the book you
wanted from William. I
will telegraph you, care of
Mr. McKim, if there should
be occasion.

Yours,

J. L. Johnson.

Ms. A. 1.2 v. 37, p. 37A